had he sailed out of Calais than he was overtaken by a French privateer. The vessel was seized and carried into Dunkirk under pretence of specie being smuggled out the country, &c. However, in his letter he says he was on the point of sailing, and that it would not be sent off until he was clear of the coast.

December ijth, 1796.

Yesterday was a charming day, and *I* took a walk to Auteuil, where I found everything as comfortable as it used to be. Madame de Boufflers is grown quite thin. Emmanuel is no longer a beauty, but grown into an ugly, red-haired boy.

I then went to see Mr. Boyd's house at Boulogne, which is inhabited by somebody who bought it of the nation.

Ma petite santi dement gmnde, for I grow fat. Everybody cries out at my looks. I do not wonder, for everyone here seems twenty years older than when I went away, with white hair, wizened faces, &c.

The women here dress very well in the

evening; I mean those who do not put on (or